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05x03 - f*gs are No Different than People

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **06/10/05 02:07**

[Babylon. We begin with a bizarre show. A kinda Sadomaso performance at stage. When it's finished only a few f*gs applauds. A crushed Brian goes to the bar.]

Justin: Buy you a drink?

Brian: Great news, I'm already done.

Ted: Hey tomorrow nights it's the two bucks special. That makes... uh [he's looking around]... at least six bucks.

Brian: I've bought a full page ad, I put cards behind every shop in Liberty Avenue, I've had even f*cking go-go boys in speedos passing out flyers.

Justin: Promotion like that there find out at every block.

Ted: Oh, they are ... at Poppers.

[The sadomaso performer cames up, slam his lash at the bar.]

Man: Drinks on the house! We're wasting our time AND our talent.

Justin: I don't get it why everyone left.

Ted: That's one of the great mysterious of life. Why does q*eers go to one club and don't get in the other.

[The next morning at the park. It's raining. Mel runs to the bench, where Linds waiting for her.]

Mel: Oh, I know I'm late. Sorry.

Lindsay: Don't worry about it.

Mel: Oh, how is my sweety?

Lindsay: Oh, like a light.

Mel: How much do you give her? [Linds looks straight in her eyes.] That was a joke.

Lindsay: What does Jacobs got to say?

Mel: Michael doesn't get a f*cking chance of proving to be a better parent than me. And the judges always favourite the mother. Look to Hunters mother for Christ sakes.

Lindsay: Well, in that case it's a relief.

Mel: Yeah, but there is one more thing. He thinks it's the best when I go to the meeting alone.

Lindsay: And why is that?

Mel: It would be more complicated between the birth-father and the birth-mother.

Lindsay: But I don't think it's to good.

Mel: Actually you can be complicated my case.

Lindsay: Your case? We were life partner for 10 years.

Mel: And now we're devorced lesbians. Not even devorcing why make it more complicated?

Lindsay: But what about me?

Mel: But you and I have the same arrangement than we have now. We spend equal time, same with Gus. That won't change. You just have to trust me.

[A pissed Lindsay at Brian's ad company.]

Lindsay: She said she's talked with her lawyer over and decided it would the best for me not to be there when she's talking with Michael and his lawyer. [Brian looking through some papers] She says the fact that we're not be together would be complicase and give Michael some ignition. But I think I have as much right to be there as she do, even if I'm not the biological mother.

[Brian shows her the papers that he's looking through.]

Brian: See there? It's a new ad compain for they're new sixteen out sandwhich. How do you like, "When you're hungry for a big c*ck?" [Lindsay looking to him, speechless.] Yeah, they didn't like it either. So what does Melanie say?

Lindsay: She said I should trust her. And once everything is saddled she would share her to me. We have a deal.

Brian: The way she had a deal with Michael?

Lindsay: I wanna believe her. I do. I tried to be fair with the kids.

Brian: Then stop bitching yourself and do something.

Lindsay: I always count on you for the cold, hard truth.

[Brian writing something at a little paper.]

Brian: Here.

Lindsay: Who's he?

Brian: The lawyer is a friend of mine. I give him a call first. Stop worying about the costs.

Lindsay: I'll guess I have no choice.

Brian: I guess not. In a messy divorce nobody standing clean.

[Justin help to paint in Michaels and Ben's new house.]

Justin: When I was in LA and thinking I come back to Pittsburgh I wouldn't imagine I paint like this.

Michael: Hey, I tell you what. You can sign the wall.

Ben: We really appreciate your help. Some day when you and Brian get a house we turn the favore.

Justin: Don't run to the paint store.

Ben: Well I don't know. I guess I never did...

Michael: Put trash in the attics?

Ben: ...carried you over the threshold. That's what married people do, right Justin?

Justin: I wouldn't know.

Michael: Why don't you to carried you over the threshold?

Ben: You wanna try?

[Michael tries but can't even raise a leg of Ben. He carried Michael to the door.]

Ben: Oh, c'mon hon.

Michael: Jesus Ben!

Ben: Now it's official.

Michael: Let me down.

[Just as they do Debbie arrives.]

Debbie: Hey what's goin' on? Hey sunshine! I thoughed maybe you boys... you men could use some lunch. So I broughed some cheese steak for my son-in-law.

Ben: Oh, thanks Deb.

Debbie: Wow, this place is really shaving up, huh? You know what would great on the wall?

Ben: Maybe some paint?

Debbie: My favourite cat painting, huh? From my living room. I've been saving that for you, honey.

[A pissed Michael goes to Debbie.]

Michael: I'll take these in the kitchen.

Debbie: What's up in his a*s?

Ben: Why you find out?

Debbie: I'll leave that to you.

[In the kitchen. Michael got a plate for Debb's lunch.]

Debbie: You might me thanking for the sandwhiches.

Michael: Thanks.

Debbie: You're welcome. And why I haven't heard from you a week?

Michael: I've been kinda busy.

Debbie: Don't open up your mouth! I just asking. [she's looking in the refrigerator] You need to stalk up. I can go to the grocery...

Michael: Better go. Why you don't stalk up Melanie's refrigerator?

Debbie: Why the hell would I do that?

Michael: You told you agree with her. You're on her side. My own mother!

Debbie: What I said was, I was not on anyone side. Think of me like Switzerland.

Michael: Well the same for n*zi gold?

Debbie: For the neutral. All I care about is that kid.

Michael: So do I. That's why I want her to a loving home with two parents. Why is that so hard to comprehend?

Debbie: I try to comprehend is how angry we've been all these years for being a single mom. And you looking me in my eyes and say we're fine. The two musketeers. Apparently not. Well, I'm sorry I couldn't give you all what you want, but I gave you everything I could.

[In Brian's ad company.]

Ted: You are the luckiest f*ck' in Pittsburgh.

Brian: Is that the reason the bugging my office?

Ted: I find you a buyer.

Brian: Hurray! What am I selling?

Ted: Babylon. A consortium wants to built a gallery and a buy you a really nice price. Well aren't you excited? Releaved? Over-joyed? I mean in another couple weeks you had to take loans from Kinnetic to pay for that club.

Brian: Yeah, unless I turned it around.

Ted: Not even Rage could managed that. Oh, and the beauty part is - we're write it off. You can use the free tax detuction.

Brian: Sounds like a good... practically advice. Just walk away and leave it to the welfares. And after they finished to turn Babylon to the wall of America then what? A wallmart, Torso into target? The diner into an gallery? I am sorry Theodore. I'm sure there are millions of f*ggots who like nothing more than to walk the street of straight instead of died in Liberty Avenue.

[Debbie's house. Horvarth comes from his shift and Debbie goes to her shift.]

Carl: Hey hon.

Debbie: Hi, sweetheart. How was your day?

Carl: Well take your cloth down for a while and I tell you all about it.

Debbie: Huh, I'm take a nappin and I'm late for my shift. It's sausage there but be careful.

[They kiss each other.]

Carl: When you will be back?

Debbie: Around one.

Carl: Perfect, I'm be sleep around 12.59. You know, when we decided to live together I actually though at the same time.

Debbie: You know, it's not only like this.

Carl: I didn't want to come home to sausage. I wanna come home to sausage and you.

Debbie: As soon as Betty is back from her surgery, I don't have to do the late shifts.

Carl: Why you have to do any shifts?

Debbie: What are you talking about?

Carl: You k*ll yourself at the diner every night on your feet. Why?

Debbie: That's what I do! That what I'm always done.

Carl: That doesn't mean you have to keep doin' it.

Debbie: Where got my money? Printed? You had arrest me.

Carl: I have money.

Debbie: Carl, I never have lived on anyone. I'm never ask for a dime and I don't starting now.

Carl: You're not asking. I'm offering. Sweetheart, you've been looking after other practically your whole life. You deserve a little time for yourself. For us.

[Chanel 5. The newsteam.]

Don: OK, everyone. I'd like you to meet Emmett Honeycut, our new q*eer guy.

Emmett: It's so excited here to meet you all.

Don: Jake Emmerson, our news anchor.

Emmett: Oh my god, you're even hotter than in person, if that's possible.

Don: Mirie Jamasushi, our co-anchor.

Emmett: I'd loving your hair. It's so much flattering than the lucy red curl you had on the Monica Levinsky scandal.

Don: Don Lokert, sports.

Emmett: Hey bud, I love your show.

Don: And our wheater man...

Emmett: I swear by you. When you say it's rain the other day and all the other queens laughing at me when I bring umbrella, but though where laughs at the end? Yeah, me. Well it's the great be part of the team.

[After this meeting a crushed Emmett needs a crying shoulder. And that's... Ted... in the diner.]

Emmett: You should see how they looked at me. Like I was some alien from Uranus. You know what anyone says, it's an relief and come back to talk.

Ted: Yeah, I feel the same after a day at Worthshafter.

Emmett: Yeah, but you can pass for straight. My flames are always burns too bright and too high for that.

Ted: Man, can you head up my soup?

Emmett: You know, I always end up the bench.

[Cut to Debbie at the bar. Justin is coming to her.]

Debbie: f*ck!

Justin: What's wrong, Deb?

Debbie: It's just this g*dd*mn sign. I had write "Help" but aren't enough room for "Wanted" and not even to requirement.

Justin: Let me.

Debbie: Sure it helps with an artist in the family.

Justin: Who's leavin'? Betty? Kicky?

Debbie: Me.

Justin: You?

Debbie: What? It that so hard to believe?

Justin: You can't leave the diner, Debbie. You are the diner. Besides, what would we do without you?

Debbie: Still complaining you have cold soups. [to Ted] Don't think I didn't hear it!

Justin: Isn't something wrong, isn't it?

Debbie: Hmmm? Oh, hell, no. It's just hearing the last 25 years the boys complaining for not finding a man. Well, I finally found one. Except I never home with him. How dumb is that?

Justin: But what would you do?

Debbie: It's always some bright, new challenge. Some shining new adventure. Like you. You were in f*cking Hollywood.

Justin: But I came back to f*cking Pittsburgh. But what if you want to come back and you can't because someone has that place.

Debbie: Honey, when I'm gone, I'm gone. I donate my dress, say so long to the Liberty Diner, and hello Liberty. [she's looking at Justin's sketch.] Well, that's not a sign, that's work of art.

[At the evening in Brian's loft. Brian comes home and umbrace Justin, who's looking through some drawings.]

Brian: [to Justin's sketch] Not bad.

Justin: It's brilliant.

Brian: Yeah, your artists can never get an higher opinion of himself.

Justin: They're part of my final school project.

Brian: It still can.

Justin: It's too late.

Brian: Well, after Hollywood it's could be feel like prequel.

Justin: Another very good one. I'll take my time, look around, figure out what to do next.

Brian: I got it. How about a full-time carrier on Pittsburghs hottest advertice agency?

[Justin kisses Brian.]

Justin: Thanks, but it's time to make my own way in the world.

Brian: Just as well, since I hear the guy who loose his shirt...

Justin: I'm sure he survive like he always does. Beautify. You're goin' somewhere?

Brian: To the soon to be former Babylon. I can't let up the ship without the captain sink.

Justin: The club red took my in LA to hire to work with it. We're should go for f*gs around three blocks and kick it in.

Brian: It must be a hell of a place.

Justin: It wasn't different than here.

Brian: Sunshine, how paid along without you?

Justin: You didn't.

[They go to the bed and Justin kisses Brian. Cut.]

[At the diner. Debbie gets some interview for her job. First an old woman.]

Woman: I was with a club for 12 years, then I did a 10 year job at Charlies... [she cough]... smokehouse. For the past 19 years I was in the food garden, helping to rest up.

Debbie: So why did you leave?

Woman: The owner died on his own burgers. [while she's laughing she must cough]

Debbie: Well, you certainly do qualify. So, I'll be in touch.

Woman: Thanks. Oh, by the way, is here a place where I can get some cigarettes?

Debbie: Yeah, Liberty Ricker, just right down the street.

[Justin and Ted are siting at the bar. Justin put the TV on.]

Justin: Hey Deb, it's almost time!

Debbie: I'm comin'!

Ted: Ready for the big premiere?

[Cut to Chanel 5 News.]

Jake Emmerson: Well, thanks. Now next to a guy, who's not exactly an normal man but hopefully he can score a few points with our viewers. Tonight we intruduced the newest member of the chanel 5 news team, offering life from different prospected - our very own q*eer guy.

Emmett: Thanks Jake, I'm Emmett Honeycutt - you're q*eer guy here to give you insides and tips on how you make your life more... better.

Debbie: [to Ted] You didn't tell me he was the q*eer guy for the 1700 club.

Emmett: So guys, I mean man, you brush your teeth, comb your hair, even splashed on your aftershafe. But didn't you forget something? That's right, we're talking about those perskin' nose hairs.

[Off the camera the anchor man lift his eyebrow, then he's looking to the sports man.]

Emmett: Nothing turns the ladies off than a jungle coming out of the nose.

[Cut back in the diner.]

Ted: Nose hairs? At his big opening number? I mean that's rediculous.

Debbie: I got it.

[A mid-age woman coming in the Diner. She's very shy.]

Woman: 'cuse me.

Debbie: Yeah, have a seat, hon. I'll get your order in a minute.

Woman: I'd like to apply for the job. In the window, it's says inquire to come in. So I'm inquiring here.

Debbie: Well, in that case step in to my office.

[She's siting at a table. Cut back to the TV.]

Emmett: "Next time, don't forget to snip. Back to you, Jake."

Jake: "Thank you, q*eer guy for that q*eer advice. Up next."

[A shocked Ted looks down.]

Loretta: My name's Loretta Pye. With an "Y".

Debbie: I'm Debbie, with an "ie". So Loretta, you've done waitressing?

Loretta: Well, when waitring on my husband count.

Debbie: Depends at the tips.

Loretta: Not too good. Other than that I didn't have much experience, but, uh, but now I'm need a job.

Debbie: Did your husband pass on?

Loretta: Um, I,,, he's much alive. He throw me out. He came home unexpectedly from job and caught me kissin' my friend Cheryl. We'll make cimmon buns - I mean it was a one time thing. I mean, she's married. She got three kids, it was spare the moment. I mean, we'll licking the icing spoon and one licking to another and... I should'nt told you all that. He says I always talked to much.

Debbie: You can say whatever you f*ck want. Well you all hear me. But um, work here isn't easy. You know, there is taking orders, bouncing places, make sure that the customers keep the pants on, literally.

Loretta: I'm a real fast learner. All my teachers at school used to say so. And I'll promised I'll work hard.

Debbie: Maybe so, honey.

Loretta: Ok, look - I know I don't have any qualificate for that job but it's just know I can't go at home. So please give me just one chance.

[With that she stands up, grab the coffee jar and pour Debbie some coffee in a glas.]

Loretta: Freshin' your coup?

[Debbie must smiling.]

[In a attorney room. Lindsay speaks with the lawyer, Brian advise her.]

Lawyer: Well it used to be call a mother was simple - it's the dear lady who birth you. She wipe your nose, she bake you br*wnings, and once a year she spends a special for thanking her sacrificing. But these days are small complicated. Biological mothers, birth-gave mother, l*sbian mothers. Thanks for calling me. But get back to your case.

Lindsay: Well, I'm not sure I have one.

Lawyer: But I am, otherwise I'm wasting my time or Brian's money. In fact I'm seeing a good chance

with all the details you've told me.

Lindsay: But you didn't wanna use what I'm told you, are you?

Lawyer: Everything we've discussed here is of course confidential. I were a fool and a lausy lawyer if I didn't.

Lindsay: You musn't. I said such aweful things about both of them.

Lawyer: But nothing the truth, I think.

Lindsay: I'm yes, but...

Lawyer: And we must prove that you have the same right to be Jenny-Rebecca's parents like they are and sharing the custody.

Lindsay: But Melanie is my partner.

Lawyer: Was.

Lindsay: And Michael is a dear close friend, who we're choosing to be the father.

Lawyer: But they betrayed you and now you can't trust them. That's why you come to me.

Lindsay: If I'm say these things, the things you want me to say,... [pause] they're wont forgive me. Never.

Lawyer: Well it's too late to worry about that. Besides, you need a lawyer.

[At the street, at night. Ted and Emmett going and some guys checking Emmett out.]

Emmett: Just see that?

Ted: What?

Emmett: I'm gettin' cruised, by everybody.

Ted: Is it ever occured you that it might be me?

Emmett: Would you cut it out? You're brave for your age. I mean for any age. Oh, I know. They must recognise me from the news. I underestimate the power of media.

Ted: I see how annoying it is what repeating it.

Emmett: Allright, Mr. Grumpling - you feel better when you go to Poppers.

Ted: You mean, you will. Nobody will see at me until I look 10 years younger.

Emmett: Hey, Poppers is this way.

Ted: Babylon is that way.

Emmett: But we don't wanna go to Babylon.

Ted: I said we're give Brian your help.

Emmett: Allright it shouldn't be long until we're out there

Ted: What's goin' on?
[In front of Babylon a huge line of man who wants to get in to Babylon. In front of it a bodyguard decide who will go in and who not.]

Guy: Hey, why I can't get in?

Brian: I'll let him in - on troll's tuesday.

Ted: Where all those guys coming from?

Brian: Well it seems that Babylon it's once again the place to be. Oh, it's shilly out here. Shall we go in?

Bodyguard: [to Emmett] Oh, not you.

Emmett: Excuse me, do you realise who I am? I'll be the chanel 5 "q*eer guy" which makes me a very important h*m* person.

Bodyguard: Each of us in a own way is unique and beautiful and special. But they didn't get in either.

[Inside of Babylon. The dance floor is empty like usual.]

Ted: There is nobody here.

[Brian give the man who's walking inside money.]

Brian: Here you go boys. 100 for you, 100 for you.

Ted: Your hired those guys?

Brian: You see the crowd out there.

Ted: The concept is we want people to come in.

Brian: What's the rush?

Justin: In LA they used that way.

Ted: That isn't LA.

Brian: Theodore, let me remain you something - f*gs are no different than people. Tell them they can't have one thing and suddenly it's all they want. And they won't give up untill they get it. Now we show up outside and allowe more of the "beautiful" people to get in.

[Liberty Diner. Debbie watched over Loretta's first shift here. She served two meals.]

Loretta: Two special's.

[As she turns around Debbie mounts something to her. She turns around for...]

Loretta: Enjoy it. [she turns to Deb.] My knees are shaking, my nerves a wrack.

Debbie: You're doin' fine.

[From another table a very young snoob screaming.]

Man: Where's out food? I ordered it a year ago.

Loretta: It's up there and right by you. Oh god, which is which? They all look the same.

Debbie: It's a tuna, vegatable, cheese.

[She's serving this three meals but mixed up something.]

Loretta: Tuna, vegatable, cheese. Enjoy it.

Man: Hey, I don't want fries. I'm watching my cards. Bring me some slope.

Debbie: I recommend you an extra crush at the gym because we don't subistute your request. Enjoy it.

[they go a little bit aside of them.]

Debbie: Each of them are princess. And when they want it then you must say where they're stick her cephter at.

Loretta: I can't to that.

Man: Waitress!

Debbie: This is a diner, honey. It's k*ll or be k*ll.

Man: Waitress! Christ! Must I wait three days like those lemmon bars?

Loretta: [whispers to Deb.] k*ll or be k*lled.

Man: Well, you stand there pose than you can take my order.

Loretta: That'll be a milk shake, and a ball of chicken brough.

Man: Why do I want that?

Loretta: Because the next time you snap the fingers on me the only way to be able snap anything is through a straw!

[Loretta turns around a looks at a amazed Debbie.]

Debbie: I told you, you f*cking got it!

[The chancel 5 news team. Before the next show. The executive producers will speak with Emmett.]

Emmett: Don, Don, got a minute? I have an idea for my next segment. I'm starting like be a member of the team. I like to explore something of interested 40% of our market.

Don: Enlarge the prostata?

Emmett: Wearing brown shoes with black socks. A common fashion four pa that be easy can be correct.

Don: It's humiliation, huh. [he looks down at him. Obviously he's wearing those combination.]

Emmett: Except on some man, such as yourself who have the selfconfidence.

Don: Look Emmett, I'm sorry. But after tomorrow, the q*eer guy is chanceled.

Emmett: You... canceled?

Don: Yeah.

Emmett: But I only were on at once.

Don: That was enough! The audience didn't buy neither than the management. Look, we want a q*eer guy and frankly you're not q*eer enough.

[Here we go - the hearing of the three lawyers and formely friends.]

Mel's Lawyer: My client was under the impression that Miss Peterson had aggreed to work out the custody agreement of their own after matters Mrs.Marcus and Mr.Novotny was settled.

Lind's Lawyer: Only the way my client trust Mrs.Marcus to consider her interested with enlisted your service. And considering we're in middle of a divorces Mrs.Peterson has all rights to engage her legal counsil.

Michael's Lawyer: Allright Tom, I think we can accept the fact that you're here and have no attention to leaving. However I would to point out that your client has no legal right to this child since she's neither the biological nor the adopted mother.

Lind's Lawyer: C'mon, Bobby, she's lived in comment arrangment for 10 years. They're had a commitment ceremony. She was the primary care giver of their first child. She support Mrs.Marcus with the sperm tester and through her pregnany.

Mel: Well she's having a affair.

Lind's Lawyer: A single sexual encounter.

Mel: I say how much didn't count.

Lindsay: For which I appologice more than one time.

Lind's Lawyer: I also want to point out that Mrs.Marcus is engage in her own fatalitys.

Mel: That was before we were married.

Michael's Lawyer: Excuse me, but what the hell has an affair got to do about a good parent?

Linds Lawyer: More then one occasion Mrs.Marcus has dangered the life of the unborn child but refusing to hear of her own doctor orders, over working to a point of casion almost causing a misscarriage.

Mel: Is that what you've said? It's a g*dd*mn exaggeration.

Mel's Lawyer: Mel...

Mel: I was f*ck fine!

Lindsay: We were not fine.

Linds Lawyer: That qualifies Mrs.Peterson to a better mother biological or other-wise. In fact by a biological mother in first place my client of more qualify as Mrs.Marcus or Mr.Novotny.

Michael's Lawyer: Experience is not a qualification for parenthood. What first time parent has experience that you learn on the job. The fact remains that your client has no claims biological or legal.

Linds Lawyer: What she has is a moral claim, it's far more than Mr.Novotny who, let's face, he's a sperm donator with a overrated sence of his contribution.

Michael: Hey!

Linds Lawyer: His well be is moral unfit.

Michael's Lawyer: What are you implying?

Linds Lawyer: He lives with two HIV positive man - one of them are a male prost*tute.

Michael: Is that what you've told him? He's a former prost*tute who was abused by his mother.

Linds Lawyer: Mr.Novotny has a history of drug use, pretend none g*y sexual estabilshment by creating a violating, pornografic comic book. I believe it took a lot convince the jury that he has more rights at this baby than Mrs.Peterson.

Michael: Thanks a lot, Lindsay.

Linds Lawyer: So, we have two choices. We can workout an equal agreement between Jenny-Rebacc's three parent, or we can go to court and hear what the judge say to all this. It's your dicision.

[At the gym. Ted looks at the other man while Justin and Brian are work out.]

Ted: But lift, eyebrow lift.

Brian: Hey do a little work unstead counting who's have done.

Ted: And I should do this...

Justin: To keep your mind and body healthy and in shape? I only do this because the guys can check up my a*s.

Ted: Check back when you thirty... five and the sun is set down after a endless summer. I come to gym for 18 year three time a week. That makes 2.116 hours spending in the gym. And look at me - it's exactly the same or more than less of me.

[A shocked Emmett comes up, throw mat of the floor and snips.]

Emmett: I've been cancled! After today q*eer guys's gone. And you know why? Because they though I wasn't q*eer enough! ME! I've been says many, many things, but never got q*eer enough!

Brian: It's not only unstonstibly, it's unfagnable!

Emmett: You know me! Isn't there any q*eer things on me?

Justin: Actually you seem a little...

Ted: Reserved.

Emmett: Reseved?

Ted: You know, you let down your usualy behavior.

Emmett: Well, I'm a newsman now. I had a lower flame a bit. I mean I thoughed if I was as usual I turn people off.

Brian: Well instead they turned you off. I believe in life lessons.

Ted: They're hire you because they didn't want some stiff, straight guy who look as he has something in his a*s.

Brian: They want some g*y guy who has a fist in his a*s.

Ted: They want you - Emmett Honeycut.

Brian: Queerst, nelliest, hoho-h*m* in the who-who-whole wide world.

[In Woody's. A crushed Michael siting beside Ben.]

Ben: You don't touch your drink.

Michael: I didn't buy that drink to drink. I want to stare at it.

Ben: You had a shock.

Michael: I had a shock that Lindsay's lawyer did on me. Maybe I'm some betray drug user. Sex feed...

[At this Brian appears]

Brian: Don't change the subject for me.

Michael: f*ck off!

Brian: Nice to see you, too! Maybe I can enjoy yourself, although I though you won't go in those dubious establishments.

Ben: What's wrong to drink with an old friends?

Michael: Yeah, noticed keyword "friends". You hired that lawyer for Lindsay, didn't you? Never mind, it's obviuos. How else she could afford it? She can barely pay her appartment.

Ben: When Brian pays for her lawyer it is his money and none of our business.

Brian: Well said, professor.

Michael: Hell it's not! Your my friend. I though my best friend.

Brian: I am.

Michael: Then why are you helping her?

Brian: I would done the same for you.

Michael: You can do for me to stay the hell out of it. Thanks to your generosity to splitting Jenny-Rebecca three ways.

Brian: Well, these gays have kids. I'm asking you - Lindsay's are parent too. She has much right for sharing custody as you and Mel.

[With that Brian goes away.]

Michael: You know, sometimes I swear I don't even know the f*ck who he is.

[The last news with the "q*eer guy" Emmett. He look to the other guys in the studio]

Don: OK everybody, places everyone.

[Emmett undress his jacket.]

EP: And we're back from commercial in 5, 4, 3, 2... 1...

Emmett: Hi, I'm Emmett Honeycut, you're q*eer guy.

[With that he stands up and goes around the table and sits over.]

Emmett: Now for my final segment I'm gonna show you how a little fairy transform can even the most hopeless of heteros. [He goes to a guy behind the camera.] Oh, here's a spicy of men and you are?

Clim: I'm Clim.

Emmett: Clim, is it short for Climentine? I didn't think so.

[He leads him to his seat and goes behind him.]

Emmett: Well Clim, as a concerning q*eer guy eye tells me that you could use some devine intervention. Unfortunately she's dead, but don't worry q*eer guy can help.

[With that he pulls out a bag at the table and looking for something.]

Emmett: Starting with the hair - a little product...

[With that he make some gel in his hair and brush the hair to the occiput.]

Emmett: Oh, very cool. Now what's that for a shirt? Fortunately I always travel with a spare. [he pulls out a pink shirt.] That's a helpful little tip for all you hot, sweaty man - not everone can warry on candy pink. One more thing - the good lord gave us two eyebrows for a reason. To seperate us from the apes.

[He turns on a electric shaver. He shave a little in the middle.]

Emmett: Alright, there. Welcome to civilisation. Now you turn into such a hottie. I'm Emmett Honeycut, and you're q*eer guy by any minute.

EP: And we're out.

[With that all audience starts to cheer Emmett.]

[Cut to Mel. Lindsay and Gus are also there.]

Gus: Hey mommy.

Mel: Hey, look who's here!

Lindsay: OK Gus, we're eating and then go.

Mel: Look what I'm made you.

[She give him chocolate.]

Lindsay: Just what he needs - sugar.

Mel: Well it's not gonna k*ll him.

Lindsay: You don't need him hear screaming until 2 in the morning.

Mel: When he's with you, you can feed him what you want. If he's with me, I feed him what I want. Until you plans to tell your lawyer I'm abusing him by feeding him with Browny.

Lindsay: I was just looking after my interested.

Mel: Yeah, you can say that again(!)

Lindsay: Same as you.

Mel: I though I say I can take care, but that wasn't enough. You got what you want by describing me.

Lindsay: I didn't start this custody battle - but I'm be damned if I don't stand up for myself.

Mel: So when do you plan to take our daughter?

Lindsay: Your lawyer has a schedule. Then we can fight about who get's Tuesdays and where get's Thursdays.

Mel: You surprised me. I had no idea you're such a k*ller.

Lindsay: I've learned from the master.

[With that she leaves.]

[Liberty Diner. The cook taking a cigarette break.]

Debbie: Well Pete, that's it. I delivered my last pink plate special.

[With that she takes out her chewing gum and throw them in the ashtray.]

Pete: We're gonna miss you, Deb.

Debbie: I've working at the front door that you evendidn't noticed.

Loretta: Deb, we're got a destaster at table 3.

Debbie: Loretta, honey. I'm sure whatever it is you can handle it.

Loretta: Nothing from you had prepare me for this. Please!

Debbie: I'm coming.

[They all goes into the Liberty Diner. All the friends makes a Surprise Last Workday Party.]

All: [cheers] # For she's a good h*m*, for she's a good h*m*, or she's a good h*m*, and nobody can deny. #

Debbie: [overwhelmed.] I don't know what to say! Beside I didn't noticed I have a g*y man chorus. But it's the sentiment that counts. And in that department you all stars. You're always be in my heart. Just like this place, always. And it's in good hands here with Loretta. Don't give her any shits, she was training by me. And she give it right back. And take a quarter there for the Victor Grassi house that is nearing dear to me - like all of you.

[All cheers.]

Loretta: Thanks for saying that.

[With that she hugs her. Michael comes up. He's carrying flowers.]

Michael: Here Mom, thanks for everything.

Debbie: I'm surprised to see you here.

Michael: I'm coming here all my life. I've always sit in that booth - right over there, every day after school. It was my seat. And you bring me...

Debbie: A butter crunshed sunday.

Michael: Well I did my homework. And all the kids were so jealous. When my birthday all around you come into my class with cup cakes and milk shakes and serve all the kids in your uniform.

Debbie: And some in your class even give my tips.

Michael: I thoughed I was pretty lucky. I was pretty lucky.

Debbie: You ever feel that the other day?

Michael: I know how hard it was for you, raising me alone. And you even did more the best of it. You were the best.

[A near the tear Debbie hugs her son Michael.]

[Well back in the empty Babylon.]

Ted: At Babylon, still here and still q*eer.

[Justin, Brian and Ted are drinking at that. Brian looks around and see the go-go boys dancing to the music in an empty dance floor. Then all three goes to the entrance.]

Brian: OK, let them in.

[In front of Babylon a huge line of g*y mens.]

Ted: Holy sh*t, you noticed how long the line is?

Justin: It's long but is it real?

Brian: Just you say you bet your a*s it is.

Ted: [see's Emmett] Hey, you got in!

Emmett: It wasn't easy - I had to buy the doorman 20 bucks.

Man#1: Oh my god, it's the q*eer guy. I saw you in TV. Fabulous.

Emmett: Well, one has the eye.

Ted: Can I have the eye for a dance from the q*eer guy?

Emmett: You could use some tips on how to make you tooth.

[Inside - Brian and Justin are walking into the backrooms.]

Brian: Uh, like a garantue they didn't find anything like this. And even in the babane republic you can see such a banana like this.

[He inhales E.]

Brian: So, you up for a little celebrating?

[They kiss each other and around them more guys who f*ck and sucks. Cut to black.]

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